# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 48 — VOL. XX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1809. No. 1038


## LOUISA,

### A PRUSSIAN TALE.

Louisa!" said the Grand Chamberlain, ..t O——, to his daughter, one afternoon, ..his return from court, "to the best of ..knowledge, your heart is still at liberty; ..perhaps I am mistaken!"

"My dearest father!" replied the blushing ..who was then but seventeen years of age, ..some degree of hesitation;—"I—I—do ..understand your question."

"It has its reasons, my dear. Here, sit ..n by me. It has its reasons, as well as the ..le of my behaviour to you. You know, ..isa, that you have the misfortune to be the ..daughter and heiress of a father, who is ..of the principal persons about the court, ..the favourite of his sovereign."

"Misfortune! my dearest father?"

"Yes, my dear—there seems to be one ..t at least, in which the daughter of a pri.. person is more fortunate than you; supp.., for instance, you should ever be obliged ..marry without daring to consult your heart?"

Louisa looked up, saw that he waited for an ..wer, made a silent inclination with her ..d, and plucked the leaves of a rose which ..held in her hand.

"My dear," continued her father, "I fore.. that this would one day or other be cer..ly your fate: It was my duty, therefore, ..take care that there should be no necessity ..sacrificing any other lover. Your mother ..d when you was only eight years old. I re..ced you immediately from the metropolis, ..committed the care of your education to a ..male friend, in whom I could confide, at one ..my estates in the country. I hope you have ..de no acquaintance with any of our sex, ..ich may render your obedience difficult;—..re you, Louisa? Tell your father honest..."

"My dearest father, I have no acquaintance ..I know nobody."

"Indeed, Louisa?"

"Indeed, Papa."

"So much the better. What you are soon ..do, then, will fall the easier, and I have one ..rthen less upon my hands."

"What I am soon to do!" she repeated be..re her father had finished, and looked with ..r fine blue eyes directly in his face.

"You see, my dearest Louisa," said her fa..er, "that when I recalled you, a month ago, ..m your retirement to the court, it was not ..thout design. A vice-president of the first ..llege of Justice, in a distant province, has re..mmended himself in such a manner by his ..al and talents to the King, that his Majesty ..s been pleased to bring him nearer to his ..rson, and give him an office in the ministry. ..-day you will see him, and receive him. I ..pe, as a man whom the King esteems, whom ..honour, and for whom you are intended."

"I intended!" she repeated with a look of ..easure, and cast her eyes upon the ground, ..nscious that she had said the words too has..ly.

"The King was the first who thought of the connection—he communicated his thoughts to the minister,—the minister spoke to me upon the subject, and I have given my consent. It is for the interest of our house, and at the same time the project of his Majesty. In four weeks therefore, Louisa, you are to change your name."

Louisa kept her seat—she wished to blush, but could not.

"Do not imagine, my dear," continued the Chamberlain, "that we require any thing of you which you are unable to perform. The King, the minister, and myself, foresee that you will only give your hand; if your heart does not accompany it, you are at liberty to withhold it. No one will usurp a right of reproaching you for disposing of that, hereafter, as you please. In this article you will be left entirely to your own choice."

"And yet be married?" said Louisa, with astonishment.

"And yet be married."

"Do I understand you, Sir?"

"Live among us but half a year, and you will understand me. The men, my dearest girl, who composed your books of morality, are most of them out of the circle of the world.—They dictate to the great what they *ought* to do, without knowing what they *can* do. They call us barbarous, when we are only unfortunate; and abuse us, when they ought to pity. You will give your hand, Louisa, that you may not act in opposition to the will of your Sovereign, the wish of your father, and the interests of your family."

Louisa had never seen the minister; but she had never been in love. Overcome by her father's authority, she promised her hand in token of obedience.

A few hours afterwards the minister appeared—a little deformed man, with a glass eye, and prominent shoulder. Louisa came into the room, and was ready to swoon away. She was under the necessity of withdrawing for a few moments to collect herself. This, in a girl who had been educated in solitude, who had been only four weeks in the great world, and was now to give her consent to what, before yesterday, she had never heard of, was certainly excusable. The minister considered her fright as the effect of bashfulness, and her behaviour did not affront him. She returned—the minister referred to what her father had said to her, pressed her trembling hand, and put the question. Louisa, with a shudder cold as ice, said "Yes," but immediately left the room, and no remonstrance could persuade her to return.

The day afterwards she fell at her father's feet, and conjured him to release her from her word.

"Shall I command, Louisa?" said he, and left her with a countenance that burned with rage. Louisa resigned herself to her fate.

Neither the father nor the bridegroom were friends to ceremony. To avoid it, therefore, they resolved, that except the King and two witnesses on each side, no one should know a word of the matter till all was over. The marriage was performed at an estate of the father's a few miles from the metropolis, without even the servants knowing what had passed.

After the ceremony was over, Louisa stood with her husband at a window, and requested him to read a letter which she put into his hand, and left the room. He then read as follows:—

"My Lord,

"I have obeyed my father, and am now your wife; be assured that the rights which you have acquired over me by marriage shall ever continue sacred; but at the same time I must request you, with the most anxious heart, to have the goodness to intercede with my father for me to return to-day with my companion, who has been a witness to what has passed, to my former solitude.—An unfavourable answer can only heighten my distress, whilst your consent will increase the respect I entertain for your merits, which I here expressly assure you of.

LOUISA."

The minister started, and paused a moment for reflection. He then went to Louisa's father, shewed him the letter, added his intercession, and assured him that the friendship of their houses should never be dissolved by the separation.

The father at first was raving. He granted however that Louisa had been taken by surprise, and gave his consent to the seperation, resolving with all who had been present, to keep the whole transaction private, till time and circumstances should change Louisa's mind.

Louisa went with her friend to her solitary mansion, whilst the rest returned to the metropolis. Every thing remained a secret, and the monarch comforted his favourite with the prospects of futurity. Some attempts, indeed, were made to persuade Louisa to return; but they only increased her abhorrence of the person of her husband.

In her solitude, she was neither well nor ill; the few weeks she had spent in the bustle of the town had not been sufficient to destroy her taste for the silent pleasures of the country.—Her old acquaintance, some books, walks in the neighbourhood which were tolerably pleasant, and the female arts, all of which she was completely mistress of, served to pass away her time. The latter was her favourite employment, and occupied most of her hours. She had read in some of her books, that the appearance of a fine figure in a dress chosen with taste, contributed in some degree to happiness. Louisa saw nobody about her but servants, peasants, and their wives; but she thought that even to please these, she must be attentive to her dress. Dress, therefore, became her study. Her most negligent habit was always new, and always natural. The villagers, who saw her in her most careless hours, must have thought that she was going to meet an appointed lover.

Louisa had appointed none; but sometimes something comes uncalled for. Her favourite

place in the heat of summer was a pavilion on the garden-wall, the windows of which looked towards the West. One evening when the roses were in bloom she was sitting there with the window open and at work.

She heard the trotting of a horse, and looked out to return the salute of a countryman, whom she supposed to be returning from the fields: but how was she astonished when she saw an officer take off his hat to her! the first she had ever seen in the country. His horse was so wild that she became anxious, and alarmed for his safety. She followed him with the eyes as long as she could; and at last made the observation, 'than a good rider on a spirited horse was a better figure than on a quiet one;' and wished to have seen him longer.

*(To be Continued.)*

## PETRARCH.

The mind of Petrarch* was always gloomy and dejected, except when he was reading, writing, or resigned to the agreeable illusions of poetry, upon the banks of some inspiring stream, among the romantic rocks or mountains, or the flower enamelled vallies of the Alps. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every Inn, where he stopped for refreshment. One of his friends, the Bishop of Cavilon, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he studied at Vaucluse might totally ruin a constitution already much impaired, requested of him one day the key of his library. Petrarch immediately gave it him, without asking the reason of his request; when the good Bishop instantly locking up his books and writing desk, said, "Petrarch, I hereby interdict you from the use of pen, ink and paper, for the space of ten days." The sentence was severe; but the offender suppressed his feelings, and submitted to his fate. The first day of his exile from his favorite pursuit was tedious, the second accompanied with incessant head-ache, and the third brought on symptoms of an approaching fever. The Bishop, observing his indisposition, kindly returned him the key, and restored him to his health.

* Francis Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, was born at Piezzo, in 1304; and at 20 years of age, loosing both father and mother, he purchased a very retired, but very agreeable country-house called Vaucluse, about five miles east of Avignon, where he spent a good part of every year. There, in 1527, he became enamoured of a young damsel, named Laura, who lived in the neighbourhood, and whom he has made famous by his poetry. Petrarch's works form 4 vols. folio; and more than 25 different persons have written his life. He died in 1374.

## LOVE.

All serious and strong expressions of the passion of love appear ridiculous to a third person; and though a lover may be good company to his mistress he is to nobody else. He himself is sensible of this; and, as long as he continues in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his own passion with raillery and ridicule. It is the only style in which we care to hear of it, because it is the only style in which we ourselves are disposed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave and long sentenced love of Cowley and Petrarch, who never have done with exaggerating the violence of their attachments; but the gaiety of Ovid and the gallantry of Horace are always agreeable.

## MODERN DESCRIPTION.

The fleecy clouds of the morning were now streaked with nature's richest vermillion, the sun was just lifting his radiant head above the stately trees of the forest, the feathered Handels of nature sung forth their sweetest carols and the universe had borrowed the robes of May, when Sylvia, more beautiful than Diana, walked out to feed the chickens.

*For the Weekly Museum.*

How tedious roll the hours away,
While my dear Mary is not near;
How distant yet will be the day,
That must resolve my anxious fear.

Perhaps she'll meet me with disdain,
More chilling than the winter cold;
Or else, perchance, the tear restrain,
More precious than Golconda's gold.

For Mary cruel cannot be,
No, let that thought forever rest—
She always was most kind to me,
Oft hath her smile my bosom blest.

Yet what's her smile or frown to me
Since I am doom'd to linger here?
Alas! it is high heav'ns decree,
Her form shall not my vision cheer.

Where now hath all my pleasures fled?
Sequester'd far from me they lie
Gone are the joys my fancy fed
For Mary, Mary is not nigh!

W.

Kip's Bay, Dec 3, 1808

## LINES

*Written on receiving a Lock of a Mother's Hair*

An' precious lock, a mother's parting gift,
And I receive it—'Tis the widow's mite.'
Fondly I'll cast my weeping eyes upon
Those little threads, which never will decay.
Through life, this hair and sorrow shall be mates;
For when I view it, it will call to mind
The loss which I sustained, when she decayed,
Whom Nature taught me to call mother.

She died—and I was heir, to what! Her hair?
A lock, which did adorn a mother's head
Come hither, heirs, those who are heirs to dross,
Glittering, shining dross—money or trash.
Then view this little tribute, and pronounce
Which is the richest. I boast a mother's
Blessing, with a small trifle with which kind
Nature blest her—the head's proud ornament!
One thread of which shall bind it to my heart,
Ne'er to be remov'd till worms shall repast
On my body. Precious remembrancer
Of 'departed worth.'——Farewell, my mother!
We never shall meet again, until like you,
I 'burst the bars of death,' and meet you
With my maker God in heaven.

E. F.

## AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

*Written when the author was in great trouble of mind.*

Come, gentle sleep! these warring thoughts allay,
Thy soft approach drives meagre care away:
Thou freest the fetter'd captive from his chain,
Heal'st every woe, and soft'nest every pain.
Come then, thou dear beloved! to my breast,
Shed on my lids and give me now some rest.
——'Tis all in vain! alas! I see thour't fled,
And I no more can join thee to my bed.
Restless I count the tedious hours of night—
Still wish for day, yet dread the morning light.
No sympathizing friend to soothe my woe,
Or mitigate the pain I undergo
Oppress with ills I sink beneath the rod—
—Extend thy mercy!—Save me—Oh, my God!

## EPIGRAM.

If blushes are a sign of grace,
My Kitty sure must be a saint:
Says Jack, the blush upon her face
Is real, but its real paint.

*From an English Paper.*

## WITCHCRAFT, MURDER, & CREDULITY.

A most artful and villainous plot, accompanied by the most unprecedented instances of credulity that ever engaged public attention, was yesterday developed before the Magistrates at the Rotation-Office, Leeds.—The parties were Mary Bateman, of Cam field near that town, and William Perigo and wife, of Bromley. It appeared, that in Aug 1806, an application was made to this woman by Perigo to cure his wife of some complaint. Mary declined to undertake the cure herself; but said, she had a friend at Scarborough, a Miss Blyth, who could 'read the stars,' and collect the knowledge requisite to remove all corporeal and mental maladies, and, as a preliminary step, required that Perigo's wife should send her flannel petticoat to Miss Blyth, in order that she might from that article collect a knowledge of her disorder. The petticoat was sent, and a propitious answer returned, wherein it was required, that the medium, Mary Bateman, through whom all communication between the astrologer and the patient was to be made, should have four guinea notes presented to her, which she was in return to give Perigo four other guinea notes, inclosed in a small bag, into which, if either his own curiosity, or the still stronger curiosity of his wife, should induce them to look, the charm would be broken, and sudden death would be the consequence. Soon afterwards a letter arrived from Scarborough, directing that another guinea should be paid into her hand. Similar requests were repeated and complied with, till forty guineas had been thus extorted from these infatuated people, under a promise, however, that they should, by and by, be allowed to open the bags, and these bags, they were told would be found to contain all the money they had advanced.

After about six months had expired, Perigo was desired to buy a new bed with all the necessary appendages, and send it to Mary Bateman, through whose hands it was to be transmitted to the nymph of Scarborough. The bed, &c which cost eight pounds, were bought, and notes to the amount of thirty pounds more, paid at various times into the hands of the impostor. A set of china was also furnished to her.

Perigo and his wife, thus drained of all the money they had in the world, and all their former good credit had enabled them to raise, and the wife's health still growing worse rather than better, became impatient to look into the mysterious bags and extract from them the wealth they contained. Mrs. Bateman then received, as she said, a packet from Scarborough. This packet contained a powerful charm, which was to be mixed up in a pudding, to be prepared for the purpose, of which Perigo and his wife were to eat, but on no account allow a person to partake with them. The husband ate sparingly; he did not like the taste; but his infatuated wife, less scrupulous, ate freely. They both became sick almost immediately, and continued in the most deplorable situation for twenty-four hours. The wife lost the use of her limbs, and, after languishing five days, died on the 24th of May, 18 a victim of credulity. Perigo recovered partially, but from that time to the present he never had the perfect use of his limbs. Part of the pudding was, by way of experiment, given to a cat, and it died. Some fowls also picked up other parts of it, and shared the same fate. Contrary to the direction Mary Bateman, Perigo applied to a surgeon in town for advice, and was told by him that he had taken poison, but fortunately not in a quantity sufficiently large to occasion his death.

From the death of his wife, till Wednesday last this charm continued to operate on the husband. At one time he went to Manchester by the direction of this Jezebel;—at another he sent her one of his wife's gowns; again she contrived to coax and frighten him out of another gown, a petticoat, and a family bible! And last of all she demanded from him a half a bushel of wheat, with three sevenshilling pieces enclosed. His creditors at length became impatient, and the hopes of getting any part of his property back, failing, he determined to brave all danger, and look into the mysterious bags—what must have been his surprise and vexation to find that the contents of those bags were not worth a penny! and to find himself a pauper, without property, and with a ruined constitution.

...e bubble now burst, and he laid his hopeless ... before some of his neighbours By their direction Mary Bateman was apprehended. When ...ught before the magistrates, she in part confessed her delinquency, and admitted that there ... no such person as Miss Blyth in existence, but ... the whole was a mere phantom, conjured up ...ward her vile purposes. The magistrates ... committed the offender to the House of Correction, but whether to be tried for swindling practices, or to be removed from there to the County Jail, to take her trial for wilful murder, is not yet known.

On searching the house of this woman (who has husband and several children), they had found some other articles the property of William Parigo, amounting in value to about ten or twelve pounds, which were found, and will be restored to the owner.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 7, 1809

The city inspector reports the death of 81 persons (of whom 20 were men, 19 women, 22 boys, and 20 girls) during the two weeks ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, burn 1, casualty 1, consumption 13, convulsions 8, debility 2, decay 3, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 3, scarlet fever 2, typus fever 1, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the bowels 2, intemperance 1, old age 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 3, stillborn 2, suicide by drowning 1, teething 1, worms 4, and 15 have been suffered to the small-pox

The case of casualty was a woman, who died in consequence of a fall

Besides the above 81 persons, who were interred during the preceding fourteen days, eleven have been drowned during that time, whose bodies have not as yet been found viz

Barney Ward, late Mate of the ship American.
Thomas Hobbins, grocer, Magazine street.
John Gilfeather, Nailor
James Butler, Henry Hart, Thomas Castallo, James M'Geghan, Patrick Rourke—all Labourers.
And two brothers of the name of Carr.

These men, together with a Mr. Stewart, mariner, residing in Batavia-lane (the only one of the company who was saved) had gone down nearly as far as the Narrows, on Tuesday, the 20th ult to take leave of their friends going to Londonderry in the brig Martha. On their return to the city, the small boat, in which they were, in crossing the confluence of the tides of the Hudson and East Rivers, filled with water, and the aforesaid ten persons unfortunately perished. On Friday, the 20th ult. John Vernon, one of the hands belonging to the Hoboken ferry, was likewise drowned, the boat having upset in crossing from the Jersey shore to this city,

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*Extract of a letter from Mr. Robert Mandeville, supercargo of the schooner Betsey. Z. Mann, master, bound from Alexandria to Shell Castle, Ocracock Bar, North Carolina, dated*

*Mouth of the Mississippi December* 1, 1808.

"You have, no doubt, imagined we were all lost, not having received any information from me since we left Hampton Roads, on the 2d of November; but through Divine Providence, we have all escaped with our lives—the schooner is lost. I will now give you an account of our disastrous and very unfortunate voyage. We left Capt. Henry on the 21 day of November, which was Wednesday, and arrived off Cape Hatteras on Thursday evening, the wind then blowing with great violence accompanied with rain, and a very heavy sea. Fortunately however we escaped all danger, and towards morning anchored off Ocracock Bar, distant about one league, and could distinguish the shipping inside the bar, and the town of Shell Castle. The wind now began to blow a perfect hurricane, and at 11 o'clock we lost our best bower anchor, which obliged us to make sail and stand off the breakers, which appeared almost to surround us and dashing to a mountainous height. We sailed under a double reefed foresail, having split both jibs and top sail. The wedges of the foremast now went through the deck and admitted a considerable quantity of water, we also sprung our bowsprit about four inches—the mainsail was so thin I could have blown it to pieces with a pair of hand-bellows. The gale continuing to blow without intermission until Sunday the 6th of November, when it abated considerably, but still continued to blow from the westward, and we were tossed about in the Gulph stream all this time. We now determined to bear away for the first port we could make in the West Indies, and expected to get into a moderate climate soon.

We now found three of the chain-plates of the fore shrouds broken, one bolt of the after shrouds came out and admitted a great quantity of water, the pumps worked every five or ten minutes, and we were on an allowance of a pint of water for 24 hours—the men had large boils on one of their wrists and could therefore use only one of their hands—the bread had worms in it, and pork smelled horribly bad. We were obliged to use the main hd yards as stoppers for the forward shrouds, as the schooner was not provided with a bit of spare rigging Captain Mann had the topmasts and yards hawled down, and jib-boom hawled in, which eased her considerably. We continued in this situation until Sunday morning following, when we spoke the snow Neptune, Captain William Shepherd, from Philadelphia bound to New-Orleans, who stayed by us two days, and then took us and part of the cargo from the wreck, There was none on board that for two days and nights expected to live an hour. Captain Shepherd has treated us with the greatest attention and kindness ever since he took us on board.

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A fire broke out at Baltimore about six o'clock on Saturday morning, in an old frame building, on the corner of South and Water streets, belonging to the Baltimore Insurance Company, adjoining their office. The building in which the fire originated, and which was entirely consumed, was occupied as two shops; the one by Mr Hanke, Upholsterer and Paper-hanger; the other by Mr. Oldham, Chair-maker. A considerable quantity of their materials was consumed. But such was the industry of the different Fire Companies and other citizens, that no considerable injury was done to the neighbouring buildings. *Mer. Adv.*


HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,
For 1809:
*By the Groce, Dozen, or Single One.*
ALSO,
A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
CHRISTMAS PIECES,
*COLOURED AND PLAIN,*
For Sale at this Office.

S. DAWSON'S,
*WARRANTED DURABLE INK,*
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
by the quantity or single bottle at No 8, Peck Slip, and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfort-street


## COURT OF HYMEN.

Happy the virtuous pair whom love unites
To bow where Hymen's sacred altars flame;
Their noon of life shall witness pure delights,
And its mild eve serenest pleasures claim

## MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. Mason, Mr. John Kerr Gardner, to Miss Lenah L. Rome, all of Greenwich

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Miniece, Mr. James Smith, printer, to Miss Mary Brownle, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Romeyn, James Arden, Esq to Mrs. Anne Wade

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev Mr Townley, Mr. Andrew Graham, merchant, to Miss Sarah Oakley, daughter of Capt. John Oakley, all of Mount-pleasant

By the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Nathaniel Fisk, to Miss Sarah Lynch, all of this city.

At Elizabethtown, Mr. John Gustin to Miss Phœbe Morse.

## MORTALITY.

The worm thus in the budding rose,
Cuts its soft vital ere it blows,
Then must the hopeful bloom endure,
What healing art nor time can cure.

## DIED,

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, Mr. James Leonard, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Fishkill, on the morning of the 4th ult. in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Van Wyck, consort of Theodorus Van Wyck, Esq

At Boston, Thomas Dawes, Esq

In Mississippi Territory, the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, a celebrated itinerant Methodist preacher.


JEWELRY,
*At No. 200 Broad way*

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broad way, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets finger rings, miniature settings, pearl plain and enameled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces and gold do bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are to numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
*THE TRIAL OF*
LIEUTENANT RENSHAW,
OF THE U. S. NAVY,
INDICTED FOR CHALLENGING
JOSEPH STRONG, ESQ.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
*TO FIGHT A DUEL.*
With the Speeches of the learned counsel, Colden, Hoffman, and Emmet.
Taken in Short-hand, by William Sampson, Esq.
With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Naval Court of Inquiry, held by order of the Secretary of the Navy.
December 31, 1808

CISTERNS,
Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

## COURT OF APOLLO.

*From the Sun.*

### WINTER.

Now g'oomy Winter takes its sterile reign,
And winds, tempestous, sullen round us roar;
Cold, still and dreary, looks the distant plain,
Which bloom'd with richest verdue once before.

The snow and rain alternately descend,
The elements seem bent on constant war;
Sol's daily course is quickly at an end,
And saolr evening spreads her veil afar.

No longer now the chirping birds are heard,
Warbling their sonnets sweetly to the Spring;
But sad and silent are the hills and groves,
That were with feathered songsters wont to ring.

The woods no more look pleasant to the eye,
No more the oak with grandeur does appear;
Nought but the screech owl's solitary cry,
In dismal strains salutes the travellers ear.

Yet 'mid these chilling scenes, and adverse times,
When nature seems in darkest weeds of woe;
Each season has its pleasures, and these climes,
Enjoy, perhaps, what others never know.

Ask the blithe school boy (on the pool or lake,
As to and fro on ticklish skates he hies,)
If he enjoys himself, he'll answer 'yes,'
While pleasure seems to sparkles in his eyes.

Or when conven'd around the cheerful blaze,
The rural lover tells some tale that's long;
While each one listens with attentive gaze,
And gives with pleasure in return a song.

Or view in hey day prime of life, the youth,
His blooming girl beside him in the sleigh;
To her he tells his artless tale with truth,
As swift the courser hastens on his way.

Behold the man his grand meridian past,
His mind serene, to retrospection given,
He views the winter as it were his last,
And piously looks upward unto Heaven.

But Winter like a cloud soon disappears,
The gingling sleigh-bells with it cease to ring;
The tempest fills no more the mind with fear,
And Winter is succeeded by the Spring.

J. S.

### ON PRIDE.

'When I visited your farther at Pennsylvania, he received me in his library, and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead: we were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction: and upon this he said to me,' You are young, and have the world before you *stoop* as you go through it, and you wil miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people by *carrying their heads too high*.'

DR B FRANKLIN.


EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden lane

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
*PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE*
ON MODERATE TERMS.


## THE MORALIST.

### SLANDER.

*This is a most detestable vice; and the slanderer must, unfortunately for himself and others, labour under the curse of a weak head and co rupt heart, before he can be guilty of it. "The poison of asps is under his lips." He effects evil, without ben fit to himself. No rational motive can be assigned for his conduct. It is act ng diabolically, from mere turpitude of soul. Can the defamer acquire true pleasure, wealth, honour or power from his malicious practice? No—he can acquire n ither. He produces an irreconcileable antipathy in the minds of all persons, who know the darkness and malignity of his character. Even one slanderer will upbraid another for exercising the same vice. This proves that while any remains of moral sense is retained, the maligner dreads the picture of his own character, and endeavours to transfer it to another of his own cast.*

*The slanderer neither loves nor is beloved. He has no friends, in whom he might confide, in a day of tribulation. Ishmael-like 'his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him" He is banished, by common consent from all decent company. The soothing pleasures of social intercourse are denied him He has no person to interchange sentiments, or designs with him He is insulted in the midst of his fellow creatures. Go—miserable wretch—go—thou art unfit for the society of men. Go and associate with reptile companions of thy own nature—Rattle snakes and Copper heads.*


MINIATURE PAINTING.
*P. PARISEN*

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses from 5 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street, where Gold Lockets, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.
Nov. 5. 1029—tf

WANTED,
A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery business, one from the country will be prefered enquire at this Office.
November 19 1031 tf.

*LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.*

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG
Proposes to give Lessons on the Pivno Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A.M to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms $ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required

☞ For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London—selected by Mr Frederick Rausch.
December 10, 1808. 1031—tf

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FOR SALE BY
*N SMITH*—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,
*At the Sign of the Golden Rose,*
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Alm ond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

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His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3d and 1s 6d

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Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

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*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

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January 1, 1808

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*A FARM AND MILLS,*
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CALEB SUTTON.
December 17, 1808. 1035—tf



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